

The Daily New Mexican

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

Call for Republican Territorial Central Committee.

REPUBLICAN CENTRAL COMMITTEE of New Mexico. Santa Fe, Aug. 23, 1898.
The Republican Central Committee is hereby called to meet at the office of the chairman in Santa Fe, N. M., at 10 o'clock a. m., on Thursday, the 8th day of September, 1898, for the purpose of fixing the time and place of holding the territorial convention to nominate a candidate for delegate in congress, fixing the number of delegates thereto, and their apportionment among the several counties, and such other business as may come before the committee.

EDWARD L. BARTLETT, Chairman.
MAX FROST, Secretary.

That record a most damnable record indeed for the Union party board of county commissioners of San Miguel county.

The European monarchs have about made up their minds that it will be well for their navies to keep out of the range of American guns.

The NEW MEXICAN may be compelled to publish chapter two of the corrupt official record of the present county officials of San Miguel county at an early date. Quen says?

"Out damned spot!" "Out damned record!" says Chairman Coors, of the San Miguel board of county commissioners. But like Banquo's ghost, that corrupt record will not down.

St. Louis is rapidly forging to the front and is beating Chicago. In a recent kissing match in the Missouri city, a St. Louis girl kissed 100 men in as many minutes, beating the record.

The National Irrigation congress met in Cheyenne, Wyo., yesterday with a large number of delegates present. The sessions of this congress have attracted much attention in the past, and have brought prominently before the people of the United States the importance of the arid and sub-arid portions of the country.

The possibilities of the reclamation of a region, which 50 years ago was looked upon as worthless, may be better understood when the extent of such lands is known. If the arid portion was separated from the other part of the United States it would in itself form an empire. The country in the great west and southwest that would derive incalculable benefits from thorough irrigation is not less than 1,800 miles from east to west, and 1,000 miles from north to south. This great area could be divided into 40 states, each of which would be of the size of New York state.

Already the greater part of the land within the rain belt has been taken up, and in the eastern and middle states the prices demanded for farming lands are prohibitory to the young man starting in life. Resulting from this condition is a constantly increasing demand for cheap lands, and the arid region would furnish the acres which are to be the future homes of millions of people. The expenses attached to reclaiming the fertile valleys and uplands of the Rocky mountain country is the great problem to be solved, and the National Irrigation congress hopes, by its influence and efforts, to devise means whereby aid from the government can be secured in building large reservoirs along the streams which flow through the regions so great in possibilities for the future.

The arid country is climatically the ideal part of the United States, minerals of all kinds abound, the grazing lands are unexcelled, and all that remains to be done in order to furnish homes for an immense population is to provide means for furnishing water to the agricultural lands. Water there is in plenty, but artificial distribution is necessary. This must be supplied, and sooner or later it will be done.

Our esteemed contemporary, more or less so, the Las Vegas Optic can not deny the record of the unlawful and dishonest actions of the official ring in San Miguel county, as regards county finances and the management of the financial affairs of the county by the officials elected by the Union party. The ring has made about \$75,000 out of the tax payers during the last year and a half in the handling of county indebtedness and the wholesale and unlawful abatement of taxes of the favored few and those connected with the ring. Personal abuse of the editor of this paper cuts no figure at all. This has been tried by papers like our more or less esteemed contemporary and by corrupt gangs before, and has not succeeded. The course of the NEW MEXICAN is being commended by the best men in this territory, regardless of party. Facts are facts and there will be another batch forthcoming if our esteemed contemporary does not look out. In the meantime the NEW MEXICAN

prohibiting the carrying of concealed weapons was being violated in this city very often and that the proper authorities should put a stop to this unlawful and dangerous practice. The murder last night might have been committed any way even if the law had been strictly enforced, to be sure. But the carrying out of the provisions of the statute, forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons, might have prevented it. The deed was committed over a woman. The sheriff and the city police cannot be too active and strict in enforcing the law forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons. Prevention is better than cure.

Good Work Begun.
The action of the board of naval experts in recommending the construction of 15 fast and powerful warships at this time may be taken as a fair expression of the government's position on the question of expansion. The United States has a long seaboard to protect, but that of itself would not occasion any haste in increasing the navy already available, which has proved to be of a pretty decent kind despite the sneering remarks that were made by the European powers prior to May 1, 1898, and it would be ample to care for the coasts of the Atlantic and Pacific under ordinary circumstances until new vessels could be added one by one as being the policy for years past.

But, as has been stated many times in the past few months, the United States has entered upon a new era. New lands are to be settled, new avenues of trade opened and new wealth is to be created. Again, a new merchant marine will be built in the coming five years to carry the commerce of the country into the parts of the world which have lately come into the possession of the United States. These enterprises must have safety guaranteed before any great expansion will materialize. This the government knows, and the action of the naval board in preparing plans for the immediate future is a wise provision, and one which will meet with the approval of the people generally.

can does not hesitate to express his opinion, based upon the facts as adduced, that Governor Otero would do the people of this territory and of San Miguel county a very great and beneficial service by removing the county officials who have been guilty of gross malfeasance, and misfeasance and dishonest, illegal and corrupt practices in office in that county.

Commendable Nevertheless.
(Silver City Independent.)
The soldiers of the New Mexico infantry regiment will not get further than Whipple Barracks, but their patriotism is to be commended just as much as though they had participated in the hardest fought battles of the campaign.

Republican Legislature Necessary.
(Albuquerque Citizen.)
The Republicans of the territory must elect their legislative ticket this fall, and also the delegate to congress. The very best interests of the whole territory demand that the next legislative assembly be Republican, and it behooves the party to organize thoroughly in each and every county.

The Law Will Deal With Lee and Gilliland.
(San Marcial Bee.)
There never was a time in the history of New Mexico when some individual or individuals did not pose in the character of tough, or bad men, and by carvers of blood-shed and rapine have justly earned the commanding positions in crime that perseverance and industry begets in that or any other calling in life. But of all the criminals that have passed over the face of this territory, none have been presumed to assume the role of dictator as to just who the peace officer should be who would receive recognition at their hands. Lee and Gilliland have taken this course with Sheriff Pat Garrett. They boast that they will never surrender to or be arrested by Garrett, but if the latter be removed by the governor or is defeated at the polls in the coming election, they (the outlaws) may decide to assume harmonious relationship with Mr. Garrett's successor. This grand stand play of the outlaws is only for show, and is a mere bluff, as the sheriff, Sheriff Garrett, does not bring them in before the day of election, the people of Dona Ana county owe it to themselves, to decency, to good government to reelect him. The law will finally do business with Messrs. Lee and Gilliland, and not Messrs. Lee and Gilliland with the law, and no matter at what time or place the curtain is rung down on this drama of blood, the law's supremacy will be re-erected.

TERRITORIAL TOPICS
Albuquerque.
A \$10,000 store warehouse will be built at the Santa Fe Pacific shops.
Manager James Wilkinson, of the wool scouring works, has just shipped 52,000 pounds of wool to Philadelphia.
Manager E. T. Moore, of the Western Union, has resigned and gone to Los Angeles. His successor is Grant Life, formerly of Hiawatha, Kas.
J. A. Eddy wires Secretary A. J. Crawford that a large agricultural and horticultural exhibit will be sent from the Sacramento-Tulosa district to the territorial fair.

New machinery is daily arriving for the Santa Fe-Pacific shops at Albuquerque, and certain classes of work heretofore done at Topeka will now be done in the above shops.
The largest single shipment of wool from the territory this season has just left this city, amounting to 300,000 pounds, consisting of a train of 18 cars. St. Louis parties bought the wool from Hild Bros. through Thos. Ross, of Las Vegas, at private sale.

The marriage engagement of W. D. Mitchell and Miss Helen V. Herzog has been declared off, as "after due consideration" the prospective bride did not see how she could get along with Mr. Mitchell. The wedding, which she was won't to spend that much on herself alone.

Chaves County.
Many eastern people of wealth, are, through the well directed efforts of C. B. Eddy, preparing to make their summer homes hereafter in the Sacramento.

The faculty of the Military Institute at Roswell will be increased at the opening of the fall term by H. S. Rowe, of Boston, Wm. S. Fitzgerald, of Nashville, W. H. Whitten, Jr., of Leominster, Mass., and Major J. W. Wilson, of Virginia.

Eddy County.
Eddy business men are organizing to establish a local wool scouring plant.
W. G. Hamilton has resigned as general manager of the Pecos Irrigation & Improvement Company, and his work will be done by R. W. Tansill, who is also receiver. F. G. Tracy is appointed land commissioner and W. M. Reed chief engineer for the company.

Dona Ana County.
Rev. Z. V. Liles, of the M. E. church, south, at Las Cruces, leaves at the close of the present school year.

Bio Arriba County.
Thos. McQuiston, of Rinconado, has a 20 acre orchard from which he will ship this year over 100,000 pounds of fruit.

Colfax County.
The apple crop will short this year because of a severe fall storm.

Grant County.
Deming's annual fair will be held September 23 and 24.
Lieutenant B. C. Gilbert, of the army, is home at Silver City on sick leave from Tampa.

The United States prisoners in the Grant county jail are being removed to Las Cruces for trial in the United States courts.

Joseph Murphy and Miss Lily May Harper, a well known Silver City young couple, were recently married by Judge Givens. Wm. L. Conant, a local favorite, and Miss Lou Shoemaker, of Illinois, were married by Rev. A. A. Hyde who shortly after united George Powell, a Hillsboro stockman, and Miss Edna L. Hunt, of Mimbres, a successful school teacher.

WHERE HIS NERVE FAILED.
The Story of the Athlete, the Mountaineer and the Snake.
"Being an athlete, a crack shot and having plenty of nerve, I went down into the mountains of Virginia with a satisfactory conviction that I could take care of myself. I acknowledge that I had some thing of contempt for the big mountaineers who never had a day's training, and who would be lost if you took them from their native wilds."
"I met one of them on the night of my arrival and listened to his advice because I needed his knowledge of the best fishing holes and not because I felt in need of protection. I guess I made him understand that I could get along without any native talent in my employ. He said a good deal about snakes, but my own conclusion was that he was looking for a job."
"Next day I was lying half asleep under a weeping willow, watching the clear blue sky and incidentally listening for the hum of my reel."
"Kotched any fish, mister?" I heard from somewhere above me, and I recognized the voice of my adviser of the night before. I just looked up at him and smiled.
"Powerful bad kentry fur snakes," he went on. "Jim Pikes had a couple of steers killed with 'em, and the doctor hain't no way sure how Sallie Borer is going to come out. If I was you, I would move just a little bit further from that air copper, 'case of you'd happen to rile him with your hoo! he moust strike."
"I made a backward spring, dropped my tackle, lost my bearing and went off the bank into about ten feet of water. There I floundered around till the native helped me out. Then I hired him by the day, and it never struck me till weeks later that there was no snake there."—Detroit Free Press.

How He Managed It.
"Maria," said Mr. Gobiff to his affinity in his coldest tones, "Maria, I hired out today as a substitute in the event of war." "You did what?"
"Hired out as a substitute!"
"You don't mean to say you?"
"Exactly. This morning I concluded a contract with Brown of Brooklyn to act as his substitute in war at \$300 per year."
"But if?"
"Tut, tut! I was clever enough. Brown thinks I'm only his substitute, but yesterday I was notified by Jersey City as substitute for another \$300 per. Hoo, hee!"
"But what?"
"And last week I hired to Jones of Harlem as substitute. Of course at \$300 per annum. Hoo, ha!"
"But think of it!"
"Be patient, be patient, my dear! Now, that makes \$900 in all. Sure money!"
"And you go as a miserable substitute!"
"Nay, nay! Half an hour ago I drew up papers with young White across the way by which he will act as substitute for me in war at \$150 a year. Leaving us \$150 clear money. Ho, ho! Did you say you wanted a new bonnet?"—New York Journal.

Unequal Distribution of Happiness.
"It's true," said the cat as the discussion on the topic of dietetic reform began to grow personal, "that you're a vegetarian and I am a meat eater, and that you are very much larger and stronger than I am, but you don't have half as good a time as I do."
"No," sighed the ox, "and I don't have half as good a time as the carnivorous fish that feeds on me. There's no fun in being a reformer!"—Chicago Tribune.

How She Viewed It.
Perhaps she was jealous; perhaps she was angry; she was just board of the engagement, and she could not help noticing the engaged girl's pride in her captured youth.
"Really," she said, and her lips curled scornfully, "there's no accounting for tastes, is there? Some people think they have won the game when they get the booty prize."—Chicago Post.

He Stays at Home.
Tuoker—Good morning, colonel. What's the war news?
Hawkins—Say, old man, never mind about that colonial.
Tuoker—Why, I thought every one called you colonel?
Hawkins—Well, they did use to do it, but really now, there's nothing in it.—Richmond Times.

The Difference.
"It's a shame. That Tottle Binker draws \$50 a week, and here am I, an artist of any kind, and I make \$5."
"My dear boy, there's a deal of difference between artists and actresses. If an actress draws well, she gets paid well, but an artist mustn't be able to draw at all to be in the fashion."—Pick Me Up.

Another Disappointment.
Rich Bachelor—What a wonderfully preserved woman you are, Miss Elderly?
Miss Elderly—How dear of you. Pardon the blushes, but I was—
Rich Bachelor—I was—speculating as to whether you might have a younger sister.—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Both Ways.
"War is horrible!"
"Isn't it? Before a war men tell us what they would do in battle, and after a war they tell us what they did do."—Chicago Record.

It Discouraged Him.
"You never comes a-fishin, do yer? I s'pose yer didn't use to ketch nuthin'?"
"Oh, didn't I? I ketch'd it 'ot an' from farther last time I fell in."—Ally Sloper.

An Imposing Array.
The most imposing mobilization Spain can make is to have a review of its army of creditors.—Philadelphia Press.

A Pair.
"He is as good as his word."
"Yes, but his word isn't worth anything."—Chicago Record.

Sympathetic.
When I asked for a raise I told my employer I had grown gray in his service. "What did he say?"
He said if I had worked anywhere else I probably would have got bald.

Then He Left.
My dear, said the nervous woman to her exasperating husband, I am sure Jane and I could make a better success at getting this picture to hang square if you were not hanging around.

THE GLOISTEIN CLUB.

THEY GO ON A FISHING TRIP AND RETURN DISGUSTED.

Ex-Mayor Connolly Has a Setback Early In the Day, and Later the Club Sustains a Severe Shock Brought About by Harbor Defenses.

The Gloistein Fishing club held its first outing of the season recently, and as usual was attended with many exasperating mishaps.
The party consisted of 20 persons. Among them were 17 members of the Plattdeutsche Schuetzen corps.
The other three were Pat Connolly, the former mayor of Poverty Hollow; Mike Ryan, the Bowery hotel keeper, and an east side undertaker. Gloistein objected to the undertaker's presence, but was overruled by the others. The objection to the undertaker was founded on the fact that while Gloistein was laid up sick during the past several weeks the undertaker went to Gloistein's hotel each morning and sat at a table most of the day.
The fishing party, most of whom wore rubber boots, went to Long Beach, just below Rockaway Beach. Gloistein was in charge of the bait, which consisted of sand worms, clams and five eggs of beer. The party boarded a small sloop yacht, and shortly before noon, after some delay in taking care of the bait, the yacht was anchored about a mile off shore. The first part of the day was unmarked by any incident, leaving out the experience of ex-Mayor Connolly. When he went down in the cabin to inspect the bait, some one tied a two gallon milk can to his line.
Soon after Connolly thought he had a bite, and the weight on the line made him believe that he had hooked a huge fish. His disappointment on discovering the joke was so great that he fished no more during the day.
The boat remained at anchor until 10 o'clock, and then preparations were made to pull up the anchor. Gloistein started to perform this service, but the anchor seemed to be securely fastened to the bottom. Several of the others then grabbed hold of the rope. Finally, after much pulling and consequent puffing, the anchor was brought to the surface. "Ach, woe do I see!" said Gloistein as he caught sight of something which was firmly attached to the anchor.
Gloistein followed the exclamation by releasing his hold on the rope. The anchor and its burden immediately started for the bottom, and Connolly gave a howl as he held up his hands, which were cut and bleeding from the friction of the rope.
"Gentlemen," said Gloistein, "we are fastened to a mine. I saw the top of it. It is filled with dynamite. If we did it against itself, there will be explosives, and up to the sky we will be blown."
"Dynamite!" said ex-Mayor Connolly. "It's dangerous stuff and must be handled with precision, carelessness and gentleness," he said.
At this juncture the undertaker sighted a passing tugboat.
"Let me off," he said. "Put me on the tug. I will have them take me to the shore. Then I wait for you people."
"Such a business man!" said Gloistein. "He's a real dynamite. Yet a nice lot of jobs he will have if dot dynamite is exploded."
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The undertaker tried to signal the tug, but the captain paid no attention to him. It was finally determined to tow the supposed mine to the nearest point on the shore. The mine refused to fill, and then four pairs of oars were produced from the cabin.
Stanchions were rigged on the sides, and the four heaviest men started to pull for land. The craft moved slowly, and it was necessary to put other men at the oars.
It was nearly midnight when the keel of the boat grazed on the shore. Then the party waded to dry land, pulling the rope attached to the anchor and supposed mine after them.
When the supposed mine came to the surface on the sand there was a howl of disgust from the crowd. The mine proved to be a lobster trap. The crowd were wrathly against Gloistein.
"You would be in your own domicile if you were inside that trap," said ex-Mayor Connolly.
"You're no lobster," said Mike Ryan.
"You're a crab. I would not insult a lobster by comparing you with it."
Gloistein stopped a promised fight by treating all hands, but he may be disciplined at the next meeting of the club.—New York Sun.

He Didn't Quit.
The Gray Haired Man—Yes, I once made over \$50,000 inside of three hours, dealing in wheat.
The Innocent Maiden—Goodness! What did you do with it?
The Gray Haired Man—Lost it in an other deal next day.—Chicago News.

The Truthful Camera.
"Where in blazes is that dwarf?" the circus manager roared.
"What'd you want with him?"
"We're going to photograph the elephant, and I want him stand alongside with a hook in his hands."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Flattering.
"We were fired on today," said the sergeant.
"Any one hit?" asked the corporal.
"Yes, I was struck in both boots."
"Probably thought your heart was there."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Little Censorial.
"Say, Gawge, didn't you see de pahson kiss me jes' as soon as he says, 'You's man and wife, and I'm de best'?"
"Yes, I see um. But dat's all right. It's his pre-rogative."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Choice Spot.
"Any musical inducements connected with the summer resort you are going to?"
"Yes; the landlord assures me that no brass band is allowed to come within 80 miles of the place."—Chicago Record.

Consolation.
"Don't you worry, my dear, Skies'll soon be bright. Takes a'll' darkness. Ter make a'll' light. Dunno what'll happen. 'Fo' de war is done—Lover'll be a cap'n. Dea you his purty one?"
"Don't you worry, honey! Good times sho' ter come! Folks'll soon git tired. Bangin' de drum! Dunno what'll happen. When de war is pas—Lover'll be a cap'n. Dea marry you as ha!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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RECORD AND BRIEF WORK.
Transcript, record and brief work for attorneys at the New Mexican printing office for the approaching session of the Territorial Supreme court, printed at the lowest possible figures and in the neatest, best and most acceptable style. Patronize the New Mexican Printing Co., and you will get first-class work, besides supporting an institution that is at work daily for this city, this county and the entire territory of New Mexico.

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American Plan, \$3.00 per day and Upward. Transient and Permanent Guests.

L. M. FITCH, Proprietor.

The DAILY NEW MEXICAN will be found to file at the Hotel Wellington.

When in Silver City Stop at the Best Hotel.

FRANK E. MILSTED, Prop.

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